

Eighth of January

EIGHTH OF JANUARY

Mrs. Mary Sullivan Shafter, 1940

On the eighth of January Just at the break of day The wind blew from the North Course
And we were bound for sea. The wind blew from the North Course To Isdom (?) we were
bound, The hills and vales were garnished With pretty girls all around.

Up stepped a young man All in the bloom of years, Stepped up to his best beloved With
his eyes all filled with tears. Stepped up to his best beloved, Gave her to understand, I'm
going away to leave you And sail to the foreign land.

O my dearest Willie How can you treat me so To go away and leave me In sorrow, grief
and woe. To go away and leave me In sorrow grief and woe. You know I've been in love
with you For sixteen months or more.

Then if I should go away Some other would take my place And that would be a scandal
Besides a great disgrace. My king now calls for volunteers And I for one must go. It's not
for my own life long love That I do leave you so.

My yellow locks it's I will trim, Men's clothing I'll put on, Just like a humble servant It's you
I'll wait upon. Just like a humble servant Upon you I'll wait. I dread and fear no danger, Let
the storm be ever so great.

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Then if I see some other girl More handsomer than you That I might take a fancy to What
would my Mollie do? What could I say, dear Willie - Why I would love her too. I'd step to
one side lonely While she might talk to you.

O my dearest Mollie Those words have won my heart. Right here we'll get married And
never more to part. They joined right hands together, Went sailing o'er the main - God
grant them peace and pleasure Till they return again.